

on a wire (between will and what will be) by itsagamefortwo

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Summary:

"The glass cases came into view quickly as she zipped down the line and before Mike could even utter a word Eleven was pulling on the string that would bring her to a stop. A good three feet away from the case.

"Shit."

"I told you to wait till I said go." It wasn't hard to miss the smugness in Mike's voice and El made a mental note to throw something at him when she next saw him.'

or that spy au that no one really asked for but i wrote anyway

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Author's Note:

based loosely on this post from @maxmayfield on tumblr: 'Eleven as a brilliant, telekinetic super-spy and Mike Wheeler as her dorky and supportive tech guy'

i've not written anything for a while so sorry if it's a bit messy and that Eleven is a tad ooc, she's complicated nut to write. i've aged them up a little (not that you can tell but still) to around 15/16 but it's still set in the 80's. also the title is subject to change if i do carry it on because im iffy on it as is.

Might possibly make this into a series, we'll see how i feel.

okay enjoy! xox

"I said take the fifth left not the first one you found." Mike's voice crackles through Elevens ear piece with a slight huff and she can't help but smile into the darkness around her.

"But this one has a better vantage point," she replied in her quiet voice, the one reserved especially for missions like these. The ones where total silence was required to achieve the best – and correct – result.

"You've not even seen what the fifth left vantage point would have been!" But Mike's voice lacked any real anger and El could practically feel him altering her screens views to accommodate her plan. It was old hat this, Mike setting up a plan only for El to change it at the last minute to something that would work just as well, the reprimands for her being too careless even when his voice hinted at pride.

They were both silent as El made her way down the corridor slowly – Mike following her progress from his screen – each step calculated and measured until she was stood by the ornate railings that was meant to keep people from falling down into the main hall of the museum. The place was much quieter now than it had been three

days ago when El checked the place out; she had tagged along with a school group on a tour, blending seamlessly in with the group. But now the place was almost silent, only the soft thud of the security guards feet on the marble floor as he walked away and Mike's breathing through the earpiece.

"Okay, you've got 15 until his next round. Try not to break the glass this time." The exasperation clear in his voice once again had El smiling to herself.

Instead of replying she set to work. From her position she had a clear line of sight to the object she was after, from here it didn't look like much but El knew that in the wrong hands it could be incredibly dangerous. Shrugging her bag off, she placed it at her feet and dug out the little crossbow that she'd picked up this morning from Dustin and Lucas. While Mikes' plan would have given her a good vantage point it would have made the zip line attachment a much tighter squeeze, and El wasn't in the mood for that tonight. Squinting one eye the brunette raised the little crossbow up and fired, holding her breath until the faint sound of it connecting with concrete echoed in the room. Releasing her breath she tied the other end of the rope to the railings and detached the crossbow, putting it back into her bag and pulling out some thin black gloves and two orange carabineers. Once on she slung her bag back on and gave herself a little shake.

"Timer please Michael," she said as her hands reached out take hold of the rope.

"12 minutes and counting."

Plenty of time. Pulling herself over the railings Eleven attached the carabineers, one to the main rope and one to the rope already attached to her belt until she knew that one she jumped off the railing the main rope would keep her in the air. She disliked this part the most; she always misjudged when to stop despite Mike calling 'NOW' in her ear. The glass cases came into view quickly as she zipped down the line and before Mike could even utter a word Eleven was pulling on the string that would bring her to a stop. A good three feet away from the case.

"Shit."

"I told you to wait till I said go." It wasn't hard to miss the smugness in Mike's voice and El made a mental note to throw something at him when she next saw him. For now though she elected to ignore him and instead get to work, it was an inconvenient bump in the road but it wouldn't stop her from doing her job. Her gaze focused in on the glass case and the square box inside it and slowly she made it rise up from its podium and up towards her. They were lucky there wasn't a weighted alarm system in place for this particular exhibit.

"9 minutes left." This was the part Mike hated most. Not being able to really see what was happening and with El concentrating so much on not tripping any alarms, she couldn't exactly narrate what was happening. All he could do was watch the clock and look out for the tell-tale dot on his monitor that was the security guard and wish that the picture from the surveillance camera's was clearer. He was meant to be her 'eyes in the sky' but sometimes he felt useless to a mission. The only sign he got that she had successfully gotten hands on the box was the little triumphant noise she made that played through his earpiece and Mike couldn't help but smile.

"8 minutes."

"Easy," she replied, the box already secure in her bag and the carabineer taking her the last few meters down to the ground. Unclipping herself from the main rope she landed on her feet with a soft thud, her fingers searching her pockets for the little box of matches she'd picked up from her dad's desk. Pulling out a match she swiped it across the striking surface and held up the flame up against the rope she had just zipped down, watching it take light and burn up quickly; a line of fire leading back up to where she had just come from and extinguishing itself.

"The new zip wire burns well," she said, blowing out the match and using her empty hand to wipe the little trail of blood away from her nose. "You'll probably see the boys before me, so let them know yeah?" They'd be pleased to know it worked, they'd been a little hesitant about it but El had had complete faith in their work. It hadn't let her down yet.

"6 minutes." Was his only reply and El rolled her eyes.

There was another reason she had ignored Mike's original plan and chosen this spot, and that was it had a much easier exit. No one ever remembered to lock a bathroom door so she easily slipped inside, closing the door silently behind her. The lock on the window was easy too, a little tilt of her head and the latch was undone and being pushed open. Pulling herself up to the ledge was a little trickier but she managed, dropping her backpack out first and dropping herself out second. She locked the window behind her. It was like she'd never been inside.

"Time?" She asked as she picked up her bag and slung it back over her shoulder, one hand gripping the strap while her other buried itself in her jacket pocket.

"3 minutes left. And your ride will be pulling up right about... now." Mike held off on the last word till he got a message through from Steve to say he was in position.

"I'm sure I could get it down to 10 if I could just stop at the right place," Eleven said it more to herself than to Mike, but he heard anyway.

"I'm sure you'll get it next time. And hey you're still like, 10x faster than everyone else. Now get in the car, y'know how grumpy Steve gets when he has to wait."